Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Tyes vp my tongue and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier *and the Countie, with the Musitians.*

Fri. Come, is the Bride readie to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded. I will dye,
And leaue him all, life, liuing, all is deaths.

Paris. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, vnhappy, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage,
But one poore one, one poore and louing childe,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this,
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Paris. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguild,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne,
O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Despisde, distressed, hated, martyrd, kild,
Vncomfortable time, why camst thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnitie?
O child, O child, my soule and not my child,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my child my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions, care liues not
In these confusions, Heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now Heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But Heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your Heauen she should be aduanst,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanst
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe.
O in this loue, you loue your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marryed, that liues marryed long,
But she's best marryed, that dyes marryed yong.
Dry vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids vs all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our Instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes to sullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir goe you in; and Madam, goe with him,
And goe sir *Paris* euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The Heauens doe lowre vpon you for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put vp our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good-fellowes, ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pittifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, Oh Musitions, hatts ease, harts ease,